

THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart."

VOL. V.]

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[NUMBER XXXVI.]

From a justly celebrated English work, we republish the following observations

ON FASHION.

TO Fashion, that haughty rival of Nature both the graces and beauty are frequently sacrificed.

Women, ever jealous of maintaining, and perhaps of extending the empire they possess over our sex, had no arms more powerful than those of beauty, and to give more force to its fascinating attractions, they have called in art to the assistance of nature—art, so often a dangerous ally!

Hence sprung the love of the toilette, a propensity as ancient as the world, a propensity universally diffused, and which is observable in the stark naked savage, as in the European clad in gold and silks.

In the savage! you exclaim. Most certainly. That Mogul woman, whose whole body is covered with flowers and figures of animals, which she has delineated upon it, is as proud of those decorations, as is an English *belle* of a robe embroidered by a fashionable milliner, and the negress of Zanzibar, who wears a bell about her neck, does so only in conformity to the fashion, as one of our dashing females suspends from it a medallion encircled with brilliants.

But have women while they have made attention to the toilette to consist in perpetual change, while, in short, they have submitted to the disgraceful yoke of fashion; have they, I ask, attained the object they proposed? I venture to affirm that they have not.

Dress is to beauty what harmony is to melody; it ought to set it off to advantage, to enhance its lustre; never to cover or disguise it. Luxury in dress is like luxury in accompaniments, which so far from giving greater effect to the voice of the singer, only serves to drown it. Farther, the toilette, like an accompaniment in music, ought to harmonize with the person it is intended to embellish; it ought to vary according to the figure, the features, the physiognomy, the colour of the complexion, and of the hair; it ought also to be modified according to age, condition, or character. It would be as absurd to dress all women in the same manner, as to sing every tune with the same accompaniment.

Women of taste know perfectly well that the dress ought to be adapted to the wearer; accordingly, they are cautious not to follow any new fashions which would betray their beauty, which would not tend to set off the brilliancy of their charms, which would not shew the precious gifts of nature to advantage, or which would ill disguise her partial neglect. Such females consult not the fashion, but their own persons; they imitate not, but invent. The productions of their fertile imagination cannot fail to appear extremely handsome, since their imagination has been guided by taste, and not by caprice. Other women eagerly avail themselves of these new attractions, regardless whether or not they are adapted to their persons; and hence arises the abuse of fashion.

But what is fashion, in the limited signification which we here give it? 'Tis a kind of dress which sometimes is perfectly suited to certain females, and which

all are anxious to adopt. It is, for example, a head-dress which makes Hortensia look horribly ugly, but which Hortensia adopts because it appears charming when worn by Olympia. It is a robe which exhibits all the defects in the figure of Euphemia, but which Euphemia is determined to wear, because it enchantingly displays the divine form of the youthful Eleonora. This being the case, how many contrasts does not a delicate eye perceive between the persons and the dress of women who are the slaves of fashion! Here it is a young female, whose arm should have been prudently concealed by the officious covering of a discreet sleeve, but who, in obedience to the fashion, displays it naked, and exhibits the ominous spectacle of skeleton leanness; there it is a robe cut down too low, making a general confession of sins.

I could produce a thousand instances of the bad taste of many females, and of the manner in which they disfigure themselves, by blindly following the fashions; but what occasion have I to say more? Women perceive much more clearly than we all these absurdities in persons of their sex, and whenever I have been in places where many females were assembled, a quarter of an hour's conversation with one of them was sufficient to inform me how ill all the others were dressed.

Fashion, I repeat, is the tyrant of taste, and is frequently the exterminating angel of beauty.

Here, I know, the younger portion of the sex will be ready to exclaim, "What, speak ill of fashion! how atrocious! of fashion, an object so seductive, that next

to the felicity of following, there can be no greater pleasure than talking of it!"

A moment's patience, ladies; let me explain myself; for, in truth, I should be extremely sorry to give you cause of offence.

You will, doubtless agree with me, that fashion changes very often, that, to gratify this insatiable thirst of such everlasting variety, it is necessary to be incessantly inventing, and that when simple and elegant forms are exhausted, it is time to have recourse to the most irregular, and frequently the most absurd. Are all these forms, and all these inventions sanctioned by good taste? Assuredly not; but just now you would say—I understand you; the fashion of the day is charming, delightful; but the fashion of ten years ago is odious, is horrible: that is clear.

Nevertheless, this odious, this horrible fashion, was the fashion of the day ten years ago; it was then charming: and the fashion of to-day—What will you say of it ten years hence, ladies?

How sincerely I regret that the fairy tales are but tales! Why do not those wonderful beings, who perform such prodigies by the mere motion of a little wand, actually exist! How convenient it would be! But let us suppose for a moment that it were so.

Ernestine is a charming woman; she places herself at her toilette, and the elegance and beauty of her dress are about to excite envious pangs in the bosom of all her rivals. I have no occasion to tell you that Ernestine wears nothing but what is in the newest style. Ernestine is young, a Parisian, and a coquette.

The toilette is finished, but all at once a hostile fairy waves her magic wand. Ernestine falls asleep. And how long does she remain in that state? Ten years—a mere trifle for a fairy.

Ernestine has slept ten years; she awakes without perceiving that she has

been asleep; she goes to the play. What is her astonishment! Peals of unextinguishable laughter salute her on her entrance; every eye is fixed upon her, and she is pointed at by every finger. Ernestine, unable to conceive the cause of such a singular reception, remains thunderstruck. "Madam," at length says one of the ladies in the same box with her, "how could you venture to appear in public in such a ridiculous dress?" "What do you say, madam?" rejoins Ernestine, "it is in the very newest fashion. But it is you, ladies," says she to those who surround her, "that appear to me to be dressed in a manner equally extraordinary and ridiculous. Or is this a masquerade?" "A masquerade!" exclaims the prim Amelia; "the lady, I perceive, can be jocular if she pleases." "It is you madam," says the young, and unaffected Ursula, "who seems to have been preparing for a masquerade; but indeed you are too young, and too pretty, to muffle yourself up so in that old fashioned dress. I have an aunt, who always keeps to the good old customs, and one might swear, for all the world, that you had borrowed her clothes."

My readers will not find it difficult to supply the remainder of this conversation.

Such, however, is the scene which would actually take place, were it possible to bring together unexpectedly two females between the fashions of whose dresses there should be an interval of a few years.

It is, therefore, evident that custom alone sanctions fashions, and extols to-day what it will cause to be despised to-morrow: consequently, it is not the good taste of a dress, that constitutes its merit, but solely the fancy of the moment. You are thought exceedingly handsome in a very ugly fashion, if it be but new, and you are thought ridiculous in a very handsome fashion, if it be but out of date.

I had one day a striking example of this tyranny of fashion, which so frequently

deprives women of the advantage of adopting the dress which is best suited to their persons.

(The conclusion in our next number)

SKETCHES OF CHARACTERS.

(By Catharine Bremen Yeames.)

BEHOLD that smiling countenance of the innocent Helen; that mouth which is ever on the sweet contortion of a smile; and those soft speaking eyes, which entrance the senses, and attract you to her; yet, with these bewitching graces, Helen would be nought were she not religious.

When gazing on the rigid features of Matilda, you turn aside with disgust, with detestation; for, can you behold that supercilious toss, that forbidding glance which flashes from her eyes, without it?—No. That look of conscious superiority and power, which riches give her over the needy, though worthy, fills the mind with horror, aversion, mingled with regret, that such a woman as Matilda, so favored by nature to be one of her choicest children, should so cherish such pernicious passions.

Let not the sweet-perfumed Sybaris pass without a compliment, for his elegant air, and noble walk, which he has imitated from his groom, to give him the appearance of what he never can be, in its true sense—a man of fashion. A white hand, which is made still more delicate by art; he uses oftentimes, to the great annoyance of the company to show it to advantage; and once I knew this sweet fragrant fop to give out that he was violently indisposed, to the great alarm of his gay friends, for the sole purpose of having his beauteous fingers pressed by the train of lovely women who professed an ardent attachment to the effeminate Sybaris.

Zaffini at fifteen was innocent, beautiful, and engaging; at twenty, she blush-

ed the sweetest flower of a luxuriant garden: but at thirty she was depraved—lost to virtue and to humanity. Her innocence and artlessness had fled, and in their stead left all that can render woman disgusting. Methinks I hear thee, gentle reader, exclaim—“And why was the lovely Zaffinia so changed?” I will tell thee: Zaffinia, in the early days of blooming sweetness, was the fascinating child of an adoring mother, who watched over the soft sigh of her child with maternal tenderness. But miss Zaffinia, a woman all by nature, panted for the display of her charms, at the gay metropolis. The fond mother acquiesced, shed a pearly drop over the abode of her youthful days, and accompanied the eager Zaffinia to town, where she flirted, danced, and sung to admiration: but Cupid, ever busy, aimed a dart at Zaffinia, which she could not withstand, and in Hymen’s bonds she soon was united to the fond object of her soul. He, sordid man! incapable of appreciating the treasure he possessed in her virtuous love, treated her with cold neglect. Woman once slighted, is not soon appeased: she views the aggressor with disdain; and shortly, even though a favoured lover, drives the traitor from her heart. So was it with Zaffinia, whose high spirit could ill brook constraint. Belmour appeared: he approached Zaffinia, whispered soft nothings in her ear, and, sighing, flung himself at her feet. The lovely volatile wife waited not to reflect; she thought only of the present hour; and in an unguarded moment, fled from the disgusting arms of her husband into the false embraces of Belmour. For a short time the lost Zaffinia lived in the splendour of fashion, courted and followed. Her speaking blue eyes still beamed with animation, to entrap even the way, and betray where she could not gain. But the hand of Providence, ever raised to crush the dark deeds of men, doomed her not long to live in her guilty pleasures. Still the fairest nymph that eyes could dwell on, and a child in the calendar of her years, Zaffinia fell. The bud, still

beauteous though tainted, snapped from its supporting stalk; and in its rosy bloom faded to oblivion, a youthful victim to a licentious passion, and a fatal instance of the sad effects of the union of discordant dispositions in the marriage state.

ANECDOTE.

THE GENEROUS HOST.

VOKEER, the rich Augsburg merchant, had lent the emperor, Charles V. a very considerable sum of money, for which his Majesty had given a promissory note, or order upon his exchequer, or some written security of that kind. Soon after, the Emperor, on his march, (by way of honour to his friend) lay at his house at Augsburg.

The merchant gave him a most magnificent supper; and when the Emperor retired to his chamber, there was a fire laid of cinnamon wood, which Vokeer himself set alight with the Emperor’s note of hand, or order for the money; and then wished his Majesty a good night.

THE heart wants something to be kind to. It consoles us for the loss of society to see even an animal derive happiness from the endearments we bestow upon it.—The simplicity of this truth, says an elegant moralist, in no manner diminishes from its eloquence.—What a sympathy in the expression, what delicacy in the circumstance.—How must it be experienced by the sorrowing and forsaken female who retains her love for virtue, though she has once deviated from its path, and evinces in her distress an heroic fortitude, while her soul shudders with all the delicacy of feminine softness.

[Emerald.

Mr. George Wood, as amiable as a man, as he is eminent as special pleader, was at the theatre seeing the play of Mac-

beth. In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, what they are doing, they answer, “a deed without a name.” This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetic passages of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend who accompanied him, “A deed without a name, why, ’tis void.”

PORTRAIT OF FENELON, AUTHOR OF TELEMACHUS.

FENELON was every where wished for, and he never shewed himself but to some useful and chosen friends. He united all the complaisance that the intercourse with woman requires, with all the modesty and reserve proper to his sacred profession. Unaffected with the Duke of Burgoyne, sublime with Bossuet, brilliant with the courtiers, of graceful manners, a lively imagination, an affectionate theology, passionately fond of virtue for the love of God. The fire of his eyes announced the most ungovernable passions; and his conduct the most astonishing victory. Amiable genius! he excited a love of virtue by his eloquence, full of grace, mildness, nobleness, truth, and taste. Born to cultivate wisdom and humanity in kings, he made the throne resound with the miseries of the human race, trodden under foot by tyrants; and the abandoned cause of the people found in him a zealous defender against the arts of flattery! What goodness of heart! what sincerity! what a splendour of words and images! Who ever strewed so many flowers in a style so natural, so melodious, and so tender? Who ever ornamented reason with so captivating a dress?

Mr. Fox supped one evening with Edmund Burke at the Thatched house, where they were served with dishes more elegant than substantial. Charles’s appetite being rather keen, he was far from relishing the kickshaws that were set before him, and addressing his companion—“These dishes, Burke, (said he) are admirably calculated for you, they are both “sublime, and beautiful.”

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE FRANK MAN.

BY A LADY.

THE habit of falsehood which is established in the world, and which hinders truth from being welcome if it be not presented in an agreeable form, is really an abominable thing. But no matter, I shall always tell it, whether I am asked or not. I am frank and ingenious, as I tell every one I meet, in order that my manner may be understood. Some persons tell me they do not like this sincerity, but I do not mind that; mine does not so much belong to my character as to my principles. I was brought up in the country by my uncle, who was, as he said, become a philosopher, because his mistress had deceived him, and his steward had robbed him. He might have expected as much; for he had long before written a book in which he affirmed that all men were false, all women deceitful, and all stewards rogues.

Notwithstanding this, he was as much vexed as if he had foreseen nothing, and every evening after, he told us instances of the men, women, and stewards; he said, can you believe that my mistress, whom I had seduced from one of my friends, could have abandoned me, and that my steward could plunder me of a thousand crowns? for these things occasioned my uncle to turn philosopher. Afterwards he informed me that falsehood inhabited great cities under the name of politeness, and that the character of men of the world, was that of a worn out medal, which I had before heard.

He died; and as soon as I was in possession of his fortune, I resolved to go to London, to exhibit an ingenious man to that great city, and I got into the stage-coach. I then found a lady whom I thought handsome, and I told her so in plain terms; another was ugly, of which I also informed her, without being asked.

In consequence, as I complained of the

cold, the ugly lady kept the window on her side open, during the whole journey, as was the glass on the opposite side, by the husband of the lady I thought handsome.

We arrived at last, in rather an ill-humour; I found in the inn-yard one of my late uncle's friends; I told him I was not sorry to see him, and that if I had not thus met with him, I should have taken an opportunity in the course of the month to have paid him a visit. Although a little surprised, as he was a good sort of a man, he looked on this speech as the brogue of my country, and took me to one of his relations, who invited me to her house to hear a comedy. I expected to find the piece detestable, and to say so; however, it was not bad, and as I pique myself upon my frankness, I told the author it was tolerable. Every body was distressed; and although the mistress of the house did not interest herself in favour of the person who had read his piece, yet I learned, a few days after, that she was going to give a concert, from which I was formally excluded; so much aversion have people in that great city to frankness. To console myself, I went into the pit at the Opera.

My neighbour, who, as I afterwards found, was a master mason, offered me snuff; I refused a pinch, because I never take snuff, and I added that his snuff had a bad smell; my neighbour was angry: his companion, who was likewise a master mason, and was a little in liquor, also grew angry. There happened to be a number of people of their profession in the pit that evening, I should have been knocked down, if I had not been protected by a man who got me out of the scrape, and took me home with him. He had a beautiful wife; she pleased me; I was too frank to dissemble my feelings, and she was too sincere to disguise the impression which I had made on her. As I am candour itself, I made no mystery of my proceedings. The husband suspected something, and questioned me about the matter. Frank as I am, I could

not hide any thing from him. The lady was sent back to her family, and I was run through the body in three places, by the husband, and nearly lost my life. Some people blamed me, and pretended, that instead of telling all to the husband, I should have acted so as to have nothing to tell. That may be, but I did not at first think of it, and moreover, I pique myself on my frankness.

This affair, however, did me injury. I returned into the country, and was resolved at least not to tell truth to a person's face. I went to Mrs. A. and told her Mrs. B. was very amiable. They had quarrelled, and next day the doors of the former was shut against me. The next day, whilst I was with Mrs. C. I saw Miss D. enter, who had one shoulder half a foot higher than the other, and I said she was hump-backed. Miss E. who heard me, made no answer, but she went round the room, talking to every one, and the next moment the hump-backed lady scowled at me; and Mrs. F. looked gruffly at me, because her grand daughter, Miss G. who had but one eye, supposed that when opportunity offered, I should come and tell her so. I then turned myself to Mr. H. to tell him his wife was much better dressed than Miss I. who, in a minute after, I found was his mistress.

I was afterwards in treaty of marriage with Miss K. who was proposed as a wife to me, because I had said she sung well; this made all the relations of Miss L. my sworn enemies, because I had accused her of singing out of tune. I missed this match because I had in confidence told Mrs. Mr. that my future spouse did not dance on tiptoe, and this set me a quarrelling with all the other letters of the alphabet.

I then retired, and shut myself up in my own house, where I am now very coldly treated by my housekeeper because I proved, by my calculations, she was fifty eight years old, whereas she pretended to be no more than fifty-six.

To the editor of the *Lady's Miscellany*.

SIR,

MEETING with the following relation in a magazine published but a little time subsequent to the American revolution, I thought it might prove amusing to most of your readers, and have transcribed it for insertion in the *Lady's Miscellany*.

Yours, &c.

S.

THE
LESSON OF FRUGALITY.

An Anecdote.

ABOUT the middle of the last century, a venerable old Dutch gentleman, who had passed through all the offices in one of the principal towns in Holland, with honour and reputation, and had gained great riches without reproach, resolved to retire for the remainder of his days to his country-seat. In order to take leave of his friends and acquaintances in a handsome manner, he invited the young and old of both sexes (persons of the first fashion in the place) to an entertainment at his own house. They assembled with great expectations; but, to their no small surprise, saw a long oak table, hardly covered with a scanty blue cloth, on which were alternately placed, platters of butter-milk, sour-crust, pickled herrings, and cheese. The rest of the cheer was made up with butter and rye bread, and cans of small beer were at hand for those who chose to drink. Trenchers served instead of plates, and not a single servant attended. The company secretly cursed the old man's humour; but on account of his great age and still greater merit, they restrained their resentment, and appeared contented with their homely fare. The old gentleman, seeing the joke take, was unwilling to carry it too far; and at a signal given, two clean country maids, in their rustic garb, cleared the table, and brought in the second course. The blue cloth was changed for white linen, the trenchers for pewter, the rye bread to household brown, the small beer into strong ale, and the mean food into good salted beef, and boiled fish. The guests

now grew better pleased, and the master of the feast more pressing in his invitations. After he had given them time to taste the second course, a third was served up by a *maitre d'hotel* in form, followed by half a dozen powdered servants in gaudy liveries. The most beautiful flowered damask was spread on a sumptuous mahogany table; the richest plate, and most curious china, adorned the side-board; whilst a profusion of soups, oïles, tams, and wild fowl, fricassees, ragouts, in a word, all that the art of a modern French cook could produce, ranged in a well disposed judicious order, seemed to court the taste, and renew the appetite of the whole company. To this were added generous burgundy, sparkling champaign, in short, a choice of the best wines commerce can procure in a trading country; and, that nothing might be wanting that could please the senses, as soon as a sumptuous dessert was brought in, a melodious concert of a variety of instruments of music was heard in the next room. Healths went round, mirth increased, and the old gentleman, seeing that nothing but the departure of him, and the gravest of the company was waited for to give a loose to joy and pleasure, rose up and thus addressed his guests:—

"Ladies and gentleman, I thank you for the favour you have done me, by honouring me with your company. It is time for one of my age to withdraw: but I hope those who are disposed for dancing will accept of a ball which I have ordered to be prepared for you. Before the fiddles strike up, give me leave to make a short reflection on this entertainment, which otherwise might appear whimsical, and even foolish. It may serve to give you an idea of the source of our wealth and prosperity. By living after the penurious manner exhibited in the first course, our ancestors raised their infant state, and acquired liberty, wealth, and power. These were preserved by our fathers, who lived in that handsome, but plain way, exemplified in the second course. But if an old man may be permitted, before he leaves

you, whom he dearly loves, to speak his thoughts freely, I am really afraid that the profusion which you have witnessed in the last course, will, if we continue it, deprive us of those advantages which our ancestors earned by the sweat of their brow, and which our fathers, by their industry and good management, have transmitted to us. Young people, I advise you to be merry this evening, but to think seriously to-morrow on the lesson I have given you to-day. Good night."

Selected for the *Lady's Miscellany*.

THE TRAVELS OF WISDOM.

IN THE STYLE OF PLATO.

WISDOM is mild, indulgent, temperate. Wisdom is patient, compassionate, and a friend to liberty; she tolerates among her children, and indulges herself in every action that tends to please, and offends no one; for it is only wickedness that she holds in detestation. She is modest; she does not style herself wisdom; she does not imagine that she attracts the eyes of the universe, and, notwithstanding, is courageous; and should the world, that scarcely ever bestows a thought upon her, scrutinize and blame her actions, her only answer would be a smile.

One day Wisdom was bewildered, and nearly lost her way: she undertook to travel, and this disturbed her rest: she wished to find Reason and Happiness, that fortunate, amiable pair, who sometimes visit those who long and wait for them, but are seldom met by those who aim after them.

Wisdom, in the first day's journey, did much good. The earth became fertile, mirth arose, and health was invigorated wherever she passed: she every where bestowed help and consolation; and spread around serenity and joy. Towards evening, begged for hospitality at the house of her sister, Prudence, who is also a daughter of Jupiter and Minerva.

Prudence wears handsome, but serious features; there is even a family likeness between her and Wisdom; but her morals are not quite so mild or so pure: her attribute is a serpent. She had been secretly connected with Mystery, the son of Night and old Silence. From this well conducted, though little-known union, were born three daughters, Circumspection, Timidity and *Mauvaise-honte*. Prudence educated them as if they had been the children of chance, found in lonely forests, where in reality, they had first seen the light. It is said, that since that time *Mauvaise-honte* has married Pride.

In all families the succession of alliances has intermixed the various species; and thence proceed the numberless crowds of gods and men, which surround us.

Wisdom received a hearty welcome not only on account of her consanguinity, but because her native charms win the affection of all those who behold her. When she departed, after expressing her regret, and bidding her farewell, Prudence advised her to follow a straight path. Timidity begged, she would accept a pair of slippers, such as they wore at the court of the great king, and thickly lined with wool, lest the noise of her steps should awaken Danger. Circumspection armed her with a staff to feel the ground, on which she was going to tread, and support her frame. *Mauvaise-honte* threw over her head and shoulders a dark veil, lest the brightness of her beauty should dazzle men, and excite the envy of her enemies. Wisdom accepted her presents with gratitude. She is easily deceived, yet she is no less wise.

Thus disguised, she slowly proceeded; her weighty slippers slackened her pace, and her figure was less imposing. Her veil did not allow her to perceive the sufferings of the unfortunate, and she was no longer beneficent. Her staff moving here and there, struck and wounded the

passengers, and she was now the cause of evil, without increasing her own share of happiness. She left the right path, and experienced useless fatigue; and the evening was stealing around her, while she approached the cavern where dwelt Rigour and *Ennui*, when very fortunately she met Truth, her eldest sister, and the most august, as Wisdom is the most amiable.

With one hand Truth holds a torch, the light of which no veil can diminish; with the other she carries a looking-glass, where every soul is compelled to read its most secret thoughts, even those that it endeavours to conceal from itself, and which have not yet been expressed. "Is it you, my sister," she exclaimed, addressing Wisdom, "whither do you bend your steps? and why this strange disguise? Cast off those slippers, which oblige you to walk with difficulty, like a mere mortal. Tear off this veil; you wish to rule mankind, but the laws of love are only obeyed; do not conceal your features and weaken their effect. Throw away your staff, does a goddess need support? Does she condescend to strike human beings?"

One of the most distinguished characteristics of Wisdom is to listen with gratitude to the advice of others, and with respectful obedience to those of Truth. The veil, the slippers, and the staff, were immediately thrown aside, and the two sisters interchanged their warm embraces. Leaning on each others arm, and conversing on subjects fit to awaken the admiration of gods and men, they slowly advanced, wafted on the respectful wing of zephyrs, above the surface of the earth.

Thus they reached the cottage which Wisdom once inhabited, and where Reason and Happiness, who could not exist without them, had fixed their abode.

The breath of envy blasts friendship; he whom the superiority of a friend offends will never impress an enemy with awe.

ON MODERATION.

MODERATION, at the first hearing of the word, conveys the idea of something opposite to a blind, precipitate, furious zeal; and yet, on the other hand, it is by no means to be confounded, nor indeed, hath it the least affinity with a languid, undistinguishing, unthinking indifference. True moderation is equally distant from both these, or any extremes; for one of its principal characteristics is to proportion its esteem of things to their real worth; to be more or less concerned for them, as they are more or less valuable; to yield a weaker or stronger assent, as there is weaker or stronger evidence; to be indifferent about indifferent things, and to be zealous about things wherein it is good, as the apostle says, 'to be zealously affected.' But though it be zealous for some things, yet it has no more zeal than knowledge; no more warmth than discretion; attends not to one side of a question only, but to both; examines without prejudice; argues without compassion; differs from others with civility, and good manners; though mistaken, is never obstinate; though sure, is never dogmatical; would rather win by persuasion, than prevail by compulsion; preserves a medium and a measure of things; avoids every sort of excess and extravagance; is not even righteous over-much, as Solomon advises; is not over-wise; is more for promoting what is equitable, than for adhering to the strictness of the law; tempers justice with mercy; softens severity with candour; is rigid to crimes, but tender of persons; punishes the offence, but pities the offender; and under the worst of provocations and sufferings, behaves with meekness, patience, and gentleness, towards all men.

He, whose letters are the real transcript of friendly conversation, without affected effusions of sentiment or wit, seems to have a heart formed for friendship.

FRIDAY, JULY 3.

To note the passing tidings of the times.

The account of the daring outrage committed on the flag of our nation by the British ship of war, the Leopard, has, with its every particular, been so long before the public, that we deem it unnecessary to publish it.

"Tis well to have a giant's strength,

"But 'tis most villainous to use it like a giant."

The Baltimore Evening Post of the 28th ult. gives a report that the British squadron in Hampton Roads, had taken 50 oxen from the coast.

Another report states, that they had taken several cattle from Smith's Island.

From the National Intelligencer.

Washington city, June 27.

We received by last night's mail, a letter from Richmond, dated Wednesday, 7 P. M. the hour on which the mail closes, which states—

That the Grand Jury had that day found four true bills; two against Aaron Burr for treason and misdemeanor, and two of the same tenor against Blennerhasset.

Extract of a letter from Richmond, dat. June 25.

"The Grand Jury have presented Gen. Jonathan Dayton, Comfort Tyler, General Smith, of Ohio, and Major Davis Floyd, of the Indian territory, for treason.

On the question, whether to find a bill for High Treason against general Wilkinson, the Grand Jury were equally divided, of course no bill was found.

Extracts of letters—"Bail was offered for Burr to the amount of 100,000 dollars, but was refused.

"When he got into his carriage to drive off to prison, he bowed, and said pleasantly, my friends will always find me at home, and I shall be glad to see them at all times."

"A room is conveniently fitted up, and handsomely furnished for his accommodation."

Extract of a Handbill.

"When the Grand Jury came in with their Bills, the consternation visible in the faces of Col. Burr, and his friends, and the awful impression produced on the surrounding multitude, were beyond description."

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the rev. John M. Mason, Mr. John M'Cluer, to Miss Hannah Olivers, both of this city.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. Richard James, to Miss Catharine Lott, both of this city.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MANUFACTORY.

JOHN BUTLER, begs leave to inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city that he has opened a store for the manufacture and sale of Musical Wind Instruments, at No. 2, Courtland-street, where he shall always have on hand a variety of **PATENT FLAGELETS**, which are so easily played that any lady or gentleman may, in a few lessons, acquire a proficiency. He has also Flutes of the first quality, from 1 dollar to 100 dollars each. Merchants supplied with all kinds of Military Musical Instruments for exportation. July 4. 3m.

B. T. LONGBOTHOM, SURGEON, DENTIST,

Late pupil to Mr. Whitewood, of London, OFFERS his services in the line of his profession to the inhabitants of New-York and its vicinity. His residence is no. 42 Murray street, where all messages are requested to be left in writing. Mr. L. will attend any lady or gentleman at their own house, and to those families that are numerous, Boarding Schools, or other Seminaries, desirous of his regular attendance, his charges will be more moderate than persons thoroughly conversant with their profession usually make.

His Dentifrice, at one dollar per box, with brushes in sets, or otherwise, may be had as above. A deduction of one shilling will be made on each empty box, or brush handle returned. June 6.

This day is Published, by J. OSBORN, at his Circulating Library and Bookstore, 13 Park,

(Price 75 cents)

A Satirical Poem, entitled,

"FASHION'S ANALYSIS;

Or,

A WINTER IN TOWN,

By Sir Anthony Avalanche, with notes illustrations, &c. by

GREGORY GLACIER, Gent.

Argument to Part 1st—Invocation; sentiment at a ball; sound lover; a fop; a woman that would be fashionable; a fashionable woman; a family picture; dialogue between a modern mother and her daughter; Brag at full length; a modern tea party; a squeeze; fashionable topics; the student in distress; real wit; sham wit; cards; gallery of portraits; an enquiry after woman as she should be; conclusion.

MILES HITCHCOCK,

HAS FOR SALE AT HIS
TEA STORE,

No. 36 Maiden-Lane, corner of Nassau-street.

Imperial tea in cannisters of 2 pounds each.

Ditto do. in boxes containing 7 and 14 lbs.

Hyson Tea, in cannisters of 2 pounds.

Do. do. in boxes of 14 pounds.

Souchong, do. in boxes of 10 lbs.

Also Imperial, Hyson, Young Hyson, Hyson Skin, and Souchong Teas by the chest, or single pound, fresh, and of superior quality.

100 boxes Rosett's best Spanish segars.

Also, a few choice pine-apple cheese, together with a general assortment of Groceries.

Families supplied on liberal terms, and Ship stores put up at the shortest notice. May 2.

Just Received,
A handsome assortment of Lady's ornamented COMBS,

Of the newest fashion, for sale by

N. S M I T H,



Chymical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume manufactory the ROSE, No. 114, opposite the City Hotel Broadway. Also, SMITH'S Purified Chemical wash ball, far superior to any other for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin, from chapping, with an agreeable perfume, 4. and 8s. each.

Gentlemen's morocco pouches for travelling, with all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of roses for smelling bottles. Violet & palm soap, 2s. per square. His chymical Slacking cakes 1s 6d. Almond powder for the skin 3s a lb.

His Circassia or Antique oil for curling, glossing and thickening the hair, and prevent it from turning grey 4s per bottle.

Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft pomatums 1s per pot or roll. Rolled ditto 2s.

His improved chymical milk of roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns; has not its equal for whitening the skin to extreme old age, and excellent for gentlemen to use after shaving—printed directions accompany it—6, 9 & 12s. a bottle, or three dollars a quart.

His pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and to keep it from falling off or turning grey 4s & 8s a pot, with printed directions.

His superfine white hair powder, 1s a pound.

Violet double scented ditto, 1s 6d. do.

Beautiful rose powder, 2s 6d. do.

His white almond wash ball, 2s & 3s each; common ditto 1s. Camphor 2s—ditto vegetable ditto 3s. Gentlemen's shaving boxes filled with best soap at 2s. each.

Balsamic lip salves of roses for giving a most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness, and chaps & leaves the skin smooth, 2 & 4s a box.

Savonnette royal paste for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions. 4 & 8s per pot.

His chymical Dentifrice tooth powder, for the teeth and gums, 2 & 4s a box.

SMITH'S assortment in this line is very extensive, and each article will be sold on reasonable terms. Great allowance to those who buy to sell again. May 16.

MUSIC SCHOOL.

DR. JACKSON, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public, that his School is now open at his house No. 119 Bowery, at the usual moderate terms of twelve dollars per quarter.

Ladies and gentlemen attended at their own houses as usual. Dec 27.

CISTERN,

Made and put in the ground complete, warranted tight, by

ALFORD & MARVIN.

No. 15, Catharine-street, near the Watch house,

I. WOOFFENDALE,

DENTIST,

Has removed from No. 84 Broad-Way, to no. 27 Partition street, opposite the lower corner of St. Paul's Church-yard.



For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO AUGUSTUS.

Yes, Augustus, 'tis so and I freely confess,
That my heart does most fondly approve you ;
That your graceful deportment, and pleasing address,
Have charm'd me, have won me, how could they
do less !
And forc'd me forever to love you.

Not all the base arts that dark envy e'er knew,
From my bosom can ever remove you.
Tho' she paint you in colours more frightful to view

Than envy or malice before ever drew,
Yet still I'm determined to love you.

Should that beauty with which you're abundantly
blest'd,
For which others so often approve you,
Should it put on deformity's frightfullest vest,
That could never extinguish the flame in my
breast,
For by fate I was destin'd to love you.

Nay, if to another your soul should incline,
And false and ungrateful I prove you ;
Should I see that your heart which so long has
been mine

In a transport of bliss to another resign,
Yet then, even then, I should love you.

JANE C. K. G.

Washington City, June
1807.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GIVE my harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to her song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast.

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath ;
And endless ages of despair
Beyond the judgment-day of death—

The weeping Minstrel sings ;
And while her numbers flow,
My Spirit trembles through the strings,
And every note is full of woe.

Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild harp's clearest tones ;
The strings impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind
With luxury or grief,
The soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In Sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play ;

Till all the air around
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet—yet mournful still.

O snatch the harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope ! who has been a stranger long ;
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's Life thy song !

Of vanished troubles sing,
Of fears forever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead ;

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Sere delights, while years increase ;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sunset hour of peace ;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth ;

Sing heavenly Hope ! and dart thine hand
O'er my frail harp untun'd so long ;
That Harp shall breath, at thy command,
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah ! then this gloom controul,
And at thy voice shall start

A new Creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart !

JUDGE IF MY WIFE IS A SCOLD.

Or sayings, no doubt, some are false and some
true,

For by musty old proverbs we're told
That in females you'll find—and the story's not
new—

* A sharp elbow is the sign of a scold.

'Tis thus speaks the proverb in anger or spite ;
But to answer it I will make bold :

I can prove that untrue is this saying so trite—
That sharp elbows are signs of a scold.

To vindicate virtue I come volunteer,
And soon my short tale will unfold ;
For sharp elbows has one who to me is most
dear—

Yet Nancy my wife is no scold.

In her fair perfections each pleasure I find,
In her form every beauty behold ;
Her manners are mild, sweet content fills her
mind,

Then judge if my wife is a scold.

O fairest of women ! thus blest with thy charms,
Could I e'er to your merits prove cold,
Could I e'er quit the happiness found in thy arms
I deserve to be curs'd with a scold.

But no, dearest Nancy ! on thy fostering breast,
Form'd in Nature's most exquisite mould,
At night I will lull all my sorrows to rest,
And smile at the thoughts of a scold.

Then no more let this stigma to beauty remain,
No more let the proverb be told ;
Nor more let be spoke what to virtue gives pain,
For sharp elbows don't point out a scold.

J. M. L.

REMARK.

The generous never recounts minutely the ac-
tions he has done ; nor the prudent those he will
do.

TERMS OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

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